

Wichita Daily Eagle

THE PRETTIEST BABY IN WICHITA.
There is an opportunity for some one of the many pretty babies in Wichita to have a present of \$50, as that sum is offered for the first prize, with smaller yet liberal amounts for other prizes, to the prettiest babies who have used lactated food. Full particulars forwarded free by Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., sole proprietors of lactated food, known in hundreds of homes as "the food that saves babies' lives."

HELEN KELLER'S GENIUS.

Blind and Deaf, Yet She Talks and Writes to Perfection.
There is now in Washington, the temporary guest of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell, a beautiful little girl who was born blind, deaf and dumb. Her name is Helen Keller, and though handicapped by the loss of the two most important senses and as yet but thirteen years old, she already shows a brightness of intellect that promises to make her famous as a writer.
Prof. Bell, who told the thrilling and pathetic story of this second Laura Bridgman at the recent annual meeting of the national academy of sciences in Washington, considers the case of Helen Keller as incomparably more re-



HELEN KELLER.

markable than that of her sister unfortunate. He regards her as a wonder both in her religious and absolute work. He declares that, handicapped as she is, she need not fear to be measured intellectually with other girls who have had every advantage.

Helen Keller has not only learned to read by the raised letters and to communicate swiftly by means of the touch, but has actually gained the power of oral speech and can understand what anyone says by merely placing her finger delicately on the lips and under the chin. Prof. Bell spoke of finding Helen one day in one of the institutions for the blind in Boston, sitting in the midst of a group of blind girls who could hear and read aloud to them.

Since she has learned to speak one of her delights is to tell stories to her little sister Mildred, and she tells these with the most quaint and beautiful fancies, weaving in all that she has learned in her lessons, or heard from other people, or remembered from past reading, for she never forgets anything. Helen has already read more books, including the classics than most grown men and women.

It is touching to see the eager graspings of this pained intellect after the knowledge that the best of us, with all our eyes, are often as far away from as she. During her early years, on account of some peculiar notions of her parents, religious questions were not introduced upon her. The child at the age of nine knew nothing of God or of Christian teaching. She had attributed everything in her fanciful way to mother nature. One day, however, some over-zealous woman told Helen a lot of things which she believed were necessary for the child's well-being. The result was that Helen was thrown into a state of great mental distress and wrote in her diary that night a thoroughly honest view of the subject of her origin, which indicated reasoning powers, considering the untainted condition of her mind, of a high order.

Helen Keller is to be Prof. Bell's guest for some time in Washington. He has known the little girl ever since she was six years old and loves her dearly. Helen is a fine French scholar and has recently received a large prize for a magazine article.

A ROYAL OCULIST.

The Grand Work Done by Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria.
Duke Carl Theodor of Bavaria now has three hospitals in active service for persons suffering from diseases of the eyes. One is at Meran, another at Munich, and a third at Tegernsee. At this last he passes most of his time. Poor patients are treated without cost,



DUKE CARL THEODOR OF BAVARIA.

and all payments by those who can afford to make them are employed for the good of the poor of the district. The duke is a general in the Bavarian army, and is the brother of the empress of Austria. In 1874 he married his second wife Princess Maria Josepha of Baganara, who assists him in his charitable work. His eldest daughter, born in 1878, was married to Prince Sophie, and his principal assistant in his work as an oculist. The duke always enters his consulting room by seven o'clock in the morning, and the young princess takes her share in soothing the sufferers and cutters with enthusiasm into the charitable work. As an example of the duke's skill, it may be mentioned that he recently removed a splinter of iron from the eye of an iron turner, an operation which had defied the skill of several other oculists. The duke is the heir presumptive to the throne of the palatinate of Bavaria, as his elder brother, Ludwig, who married a commoner, has renounced his right.

SUMMER TIME ABROAD.

Famous Resorts Where Fashion's Devotees Gather.

Baden-Baden, Trouville, Dieppe, Aix-les-Bains and Others—Gambling, Hotel and Club Life—American and European Resorts Contrasted.

(Copyright, 1893.)

There are fashions in summer resorts, as in all other things. In Europe, the summer resort lines are even more closely drawn than in this country. To be sure, one finds much the same people at Newport each year, and at Saratoga, Cape May, Atlantic City and Asbury Park. So far as the summer resorts of the continent are concerned, however, any one who has made the grand rounds can predict with almost absolute certainty just who the principal visitors at each place will be ten years ahead, always subject to the revision of that grim edict, Death. For instance, the Prince of Wales always shows his royalistic self at certain places; so does the German Kaiser, so does the Czar of all the Russias, so do hundreds of personages less notable, but distinctly personages none the less. These blue-blooded folks, for some reason or other, feel it imperative upon them to present themselves each year at the same places. And they religiously do it. Why? I'm sure I don't know. But I do know that they do it. How do the summer resorts of Europe's Four Hundred differ from those frequented by their American cousins, our own 400? Well, I don't know that they differ essentially. There's more of the hotel and club-life and more gambling, perhaps, at the great continental resorts. But after all, human nature is pretty much the same the world over. And the swells of Europe who trace their genealogies back half a dozen centuries or more are not so very different from the American swells who figure out their pedigrees six or seven generations back and then have to give it up.

The titled and otherwise aristocratic Europeans who pass the summer at the popular watering places have their being on much the same lines as American fashions. They ride, they drive, they walk, they bathe, they dine, they entertain, they gossip, and they do all manner of things fashionable.

The women who patronize the place are the elite of their class. Their turnouts are superb; their coachmen and footmen are exceptionally imposing. Their teas and receptions are in strict accordance with the social code. The piddled unfortunate who supports the place come thither for rest, not to ply their trade. Hence, whatever improprieties there may be are not offensively conspicuous. The casual, inexperienced visitor might readily mistake the character of the place. Plenty of high gambling there of course is, as at most continental resorts. Barring the shady character of its clientele, Trouville does not differ materially from other European resorts—certainly not from other French resorts.

Dieppe is in strong contrast to Trouville. The very best Parisian and English society may be found there in force each summer. In a word, it is the French Newport. It is opposite Newhaven, on the English side of the channel, has very fair bathing facilities and provides excellent hotels, clubs, opera, vaudeville and gambling by way of attractions. At Dieppe, that European institution, the bathing carriage, if I may so call it, is particularly in evidence. Fancy a tiny wooden house on wheels in which my lady can drive down to the beach and right into the water, don her bathing dress on the way and thence emerge into the water via portable steps and you can picture this purely European vehicle. The season at Dieppe runs only from August 15 to September 15 and the charges are proportionately high.

Another one of the chain of summer resorts on the French side of the channel is Estretat, which is, as it were, a respectable annex to Trouville, frequented mostly by well-to-do bourgeois and is a pretty expensive place. Otherwise, it does not differ much from Trouville.

Boulogne-sur-mer is also on the channel, being the receiving port for the line of steamers sailing from Folkestone on the English side of the channel. It is a very old town and some of its buildings are very antique, dating back for centuries. It is more English than French. With English one is sure to get along everywhere; with French, perhaps.

Aix-les-Bains, located as it is almost in the center of France, away from the seashore and without particular attractions, can hardly be spoken of as a resort of fashionable. It has its springs and its baths but little "society."

Bieritz, all but on the French-Spanish frontier, is chiefly famous as the place where Bismarck, then German minister to France had his historical chat with Napoleon III, Emperor of France, in 1871. Both were there for their health, both tested the spring water and both took long walks in the morning. Meeting one day and discussing various topics, Bismarck boldly announced his desire to unify the thirty-nine Prussian states and asked the Emperor's friendly aid. Napoleon smoked his cigarette and fairly laughed when Bismarck offered to give him Belgium as a reward for his aid, saying: "I can get that myself when I want it, why should I help you?" He subsequently told his aide-de-camp, Fleury, that "that fellow Bismarck is a fool," but on the memorable September 2, 1870, after the battle of Sedan, Bismarck ironically reminded him that Germany had been unified and without the acquisition of Belgium by France.

Ostende, in Belgium, is a sort of a counterpart of Trouville with certain differences. Not the least of its attractions is the palace of King Leopold, which is only one hundred yards or so distant from the Kursaal. The place is a seaport of considerable consequence, being the Belgium terminus of a line of London steamers. In one respect

to my mind, a far more interesting place to the philosopher is Trouville. We have no counterpart of it in America. It might appropriately be entitled the summer city of the demi-monde. Located, as it is, on the English channel at about the same distance from Paris as Dieppe—namely, about six hours by rail—it is as distinct from Dieppe as black is from white. The one is a resort of the haut ton; the other, Trouville, of the demi-monde. The one caters to the fashionable world;

Ostende is like Long Branch, in that the sea is constantly approaching upon it and fretting away the coast line. In order to check the destructiveness of the ocean, great marble docks or breakwaters have been erected along the front for the most part thirty feet high. Notwithstanding their height, the water occasionally dashes over them and makes things unpleasant for the promenaders. The patronage of Ostende is thoroughly cosmopolitan and international. Both the fashionable world and the half world are well represented and so is every nation of Europe, not to mention America. There is gambling, of course, principally in the so-called clubs. At the leading club any visitor may present his card and get himself elected to membership while he waits, without payment of fee—always providing he is not a black leg and is not known as one.

An American Mecca among the summer resorts of Europe is Wiesbaden, which was, twenty years ago, one of the great gambling centers of Europe. It then belonged to the Duke of Nassau, but is now within German territory. At present, the place is essentially a resort of "has-beens" and impecunious princes, dukes, and all that sort of thing. Barring the large American colony, it is a very haven of broken down aristocrats.

Hamburg, the famous, is a cosmopolitan village for about forty-six weeks in each year; for about six weeks of August and September, it is one of the swiftest resorts in Europe. The patronage is not so very extensive but it more than makes up in quality what it lacks in quantity. Half a dozen royal families are represented there each year. The Princess of Wales rarely fails to visit Hamburg in the summer time and her admirable spouse, His Royal Highness, is almost as regular a visitor. Incidentally, though, they

don't come together, the Prince generally appearing on the scene in company with two or three of his feminine admirers a few days after the Princess has gone away. A list of the names of the women with whom he has visited Hamburg would make exceedingly interesting reading. I, myself, could mention four or five American ladies with whom I have seen him there, but I forbear. Like Wiesbaden, Hamburg has an international clientele, all the nations of Europe being represented.

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The resort of the imperial family of Russia in Libau, on the coast of the Baltic, The Czar and his family and court intimates go there every summer for rest. And they get it. Instead of living in splendidly appointed hotels or palaces they occupy cheap wooden cottages and live like peasants.

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A COUPLE AT TROUVILLE.

the other to the half world. But, mind you, in both cases, the patrons are people with long purses. No grade game would think of going to Trouville; few, if any, of the demi-monde would care to visit Dieppe.

There you have it in a sentence. Trouville is the resort of the fast women of Paris, and the fast men of Paris and elsewhere almost exclusively. It is said that 500,000 people visit Trouville each summer, at least 50,000 of them are women whose lives are not exactly above reproach. The hotels, theatres and clubs are magnificent. The cost of living is correspondingly high—perhaps higher than anywhere else in Europe. Only those who have money, and plenty of it, can stand the pressure.

The women who patronize the place are the elite of their class. Their turnouts are superb; their coachmen and footmen are exceptionally imposing. Their teas and receptions are in strict accordance with the social code. The piddled unfortunate who supports the place come thither for rest, not to ply their trade. Hence, whatever improprieties there may be are not offensively conspicuous. The casual, inexperienced visitor might readily mistake the character of the place. Plenty of high gambling there of course is, as at most continental resorts. Barring the shady character of its clientele, Trouville does not differ materially from other European resorts—certainly not from other French resorts.

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Peterhof is the Versailles of St. Petersburg, with which it is connected by a short line railroad. It is provided with magnificent fountains, parks, hotels, cottages, palaces and clubs, and is fully equipped with public gambling houses. It is a great resort for the aristocracy of St. Petersburg on summer evenings, the twenty-five miles intervening between it and St. Petersburg being quickly traveled.

An Unlucky King.
The king of the Belgians said to a friend of mine who asked him to stand godfather to his infant son. "I should feel delighted if I did not feel in a vein of ill-luck, and unluckily people should be avoided." He said to another person: "The world has no idea what an evil influence tracks me." His sister Charlotte is a lunatic; he lost his son; he adopted his nephew, and he died also. The Princess Clementine, his daughter, has never got over the horror of seeing her governess perish in the fire at Laeken palace, which destroyed the building and endless family relics, papers and treasures of all kinds. The tragedy of Meyerling was, perhaps, the greatest blow of all. One son-in-law perished in it, and the other came out of it a black sheep at the court of Austria. The Congo state is not what the king had hoped it was going to turn out, and has impoverished him. The turning of his papers in the Laeken fire has thrown his affairs into disorder. It would now seem as though his crown were to go down in the hurly-burly of socialist revolution, and Belgium to be again the cockpit of France and Germany.—London Truth.

Burning Diamonds.
This diamond, in sufficient heat, will burn like charcoal.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY
SAPOLLO
'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

ANCIENT CRADLES.
Babies Were Rocked in All Ages Since the World Began.

Theocritus in one of his idyls describes how Alcmene washed and suckled the infant Hercules and his brother Iphicles and put them to bed in a big bronze shield, "a beautiful piece of armor which Amphitryon took from Pterelaus, his fallen foe." And as she made the great shield revolve and rock, she sang a lullaby: "Sleep, my babies, sleep the sweet sleep from which one awakes; sleep my darlings, my bonny boys; happy be your rest, and happily fare you until to-morrow morning. Sleep my babies."

Ever since the world began mothers have been rocking cradles and singing lullabies. From time immemorial the problems have existed: What can we do with this baby? Where can we put it so that it will be safe? How can we manage to secure a few intervals of peace and tranquillity? How can we still his cries and whines? How can we teach it to walk? In a word, how can we emancipate ourselves from the absorbing tyranny of these sweet babes, our offspring?

The solutions which have been invented by the solicitude, the ingenuity, and the instinct of mothers have taken the form of cradles, swaddles, leading-strings and go-carts. The variety of these inventions is considerable, and a description of them would form, perhaps, a curious chapter in the history of hygiene and domestic economy. But where can one find the elements for such a history? Poetry and legend might be suggestive to a certain extent. We may figure to ourselves the infant Moses exposed on the banks of the Nile, cradled in an osier basket. We may remember the poetical Greek name for a cradle, which is the same as the name of the winning fan or basket, the traditional cradle of the infant Bacchus. Referring to the monuments of the graphic arts we may find representations of basket cradles, and also of little beds on rockers; for the instinct of mothers, it would seem, has always prompted them to seek ready means of communicating an oscillating movement to the infant's bed. In manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries we find pictures of cradles formed of part of a tree trunk dug out, with holes bored through the sides for the passage of straps intended to tie the baby down in his bed. These dug-out cradles are still common in modern Greece. Finally, when we come to consult the manuscripts and bas-reliefs of the fifteenth century, we notice that the cradles are no longer mere baskets or beds on rockers, but little swinging beds suspended between two pillars, the prototype of the modern berceau—Harper's Bazar.

He Dreamed in Fanc.
He was dozing in the corner,
In a big chair by the fire;
He was nodding in a manner
That in time was apt to tire.
His good wife saw him nodding
And she vowed him in a trice
That's bad," she said, "oh, no," he groaned;
"It's noddy, but it's nice."

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres.
A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres.
STATEMENT
Of the Condition of the
Wichita National Bank
Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business,
May 4th, 1893.

RESOURCES.
Loans and Discounts, \$628,483.46
Bonds and Stocks, 21,801.81
U. S. Bonds, 50,000.00
Real Estate, 65,000.00
Due from U. S., 2,250.00
Overdrafts, 1,186.18
Cash and Exchange, 215,864.78
\$984,086.23

LIABILITIES.
Capital, \$250,000.00
Surplus, 50,000.00
Undivided Profits, 1,774.85
Circulation, 45,000.00
Deposits, 637,311.38
\$984,086.23
Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashier.

DAVIDSON & CASE
ESTABLISHED IN 1870
A complete stock of Pine Lumber
Shingles, Sash, etc., always on hand.
Office and yards on Monterey ave. bet. 12th and 13th sts. and First st. at all branch yards at Union City, Okla. home City, El Reno and Minco, Okla. home Territory.

State National Bank
OF WICHITA, KAN.
CAPITAL, \$100,000
SURPLUS, 100,000
DIRECTORS:
John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. M. Allen, P. V. Henry, R. L. Leland, Jr., A. H. Fairbank, L. D. Skinner, James L. Leland.

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Theocritus in one of his idyls describes how Alcmene washed and suckled the infant Hercules and his brother Iphicles and put them to bed in a big bronze shield, "a beautiful piece of armor which Amphitryon took from Pterelaus, his fallen foe." And as she made the great shield revolve and rock, she sang a lullaby: "Sleep, my babies, sleep the sweet sleep from which one awakes; sleep my darlings, my bonny boys; happy be your rest, and happily fare you until to-morrow morning. Sleep my babies."

Ever since the world began mothers have been rocking cradles and singing lullabies. From time immemorial the problems have existed: What can we do with this baby? Where can we put it so that it will be safe? How can we manage to secure a few intervals of peace and tranquillity? How can we still his cries and whines? How can we teach it to walk? In a word, how can we emancipate ourselves from the absorbing tyranny of these sweet babes, our offspring?

The solutions which have been invented by the solicitude, the ingenuity, and the instinct of mothers have taken the form of cradles, swaddles, leading-strings and go-carts. The variety of these inventions is considerable, and a description of them would form, perhaps, a curious chapter in the history of hygiene and domestic economy. But where can one find the elements for such a history? Poetry and legend might be suggestive to a certain extent. We may figure to ourselves the infant Moses exposed on the banks of the Nile, cradled in an osier basket. We may remember the poetical Greek name for a cradle, which is the same as the name of the winning fan or basket, the traditional cradle of the infant Bacchus. Referring to the monuments of the graphic arts we may find representations of basket cradles, and also of little beds on rockers; for the instinct of mothers, it would seem, has always prompted them to seek ready means of communicating an oscillating movement to the infant's bed. In manuscripts of the ninth and tenth centuries we find pictures of cradles formed of part of a tree trunk dug out, with holes bored through the sides for the passage of straps intended to tie the baby down in his bed. These dug-out cradles are still common in modern Greece. Finally, when we come to consult the manuscripts and bas-reliefs of the fifteenth century, we notice that the cradles are no longer mere baskets or beds on rockers, but little swinging beds suspended between two pillars, the prototype of the modern berceau—Harper's Bazar.

He Dreamed in Fanc.
He was dozing in the corner,
In a big chair by the fire;
He was nodding in a manner
That in time was apt to tire.
His good wife saw him nodding
And she vowed him in a trice
That's bad," she said, "oh, no," he groaned;
"It's noddy, but it's nice."

Children Cry for
Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres.
A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres.
STATEMENT
Of the Condition of the
Wichita National Bank
Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business,
May 4th, 1893.

RESOURCES.
Loans and Discounts, \$628,483.46
Bonds and Stocks, 21,801.81
U. S. Bonds, 50,000.00
Real Estate, 65,000.00
Due from U. S., 2,250.00
Overdrafts, 1,186.18
Cash and Exchange, 215,864.78
\$984,086.23

LIABILITIES.
Capital, \$250,000.00
Surplus, 50,000.00
Undivided Profits, 1,774.85
Circulation, 45,000.00
Deposits, 637,311.38
\$984,086.23
Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashier.

DAVIDSON & CASE
ESTABLISHED IN 1870
A complete stock of Pine Lumber
Shingles, Sash, etc., always on hand.
Office and yards on Monterey ave. bet. 12th and 13th sts. and First st. at all branch yards at Union City, Okla. home City, El Reno and Minco, Okla. home Territory.

State National Bank
OF WICHITA, KAN.
CAPITAL, \$100,000
SURPLUS, 100,000
DIRECTORS:
John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. M. Allen, P. V. Henry, R. L. Leland, Jr., A. H. Fairbank, L. D. Skinner, James L. Leland.

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